



Stories of Our Little Folks

(Prize)

A Smart Dog.
Dear Happy: I will write a story. Once a man down south was going to have a roundup. There was an ugly black steer in the herd, and they wondered if their old yellow dog, Tige, could manage him. At last they set out. Then they got there. Tige snatched about them. If he had got up a little spirit, he made a run at the steer. Then the steer sighted him, gave a bellow and started after him. Then Tige turned tail. The men that owned him were

Rules for Go-Hawks.
Ever so many of you have written asking for the rules of the Go-Hawk tribe. The pledge that appears under the picture of your Go-Hawk button every Sunday on this page is the rule for all good Go-Hawks to follow. You have only one symbol, Go-Hawks—the Indian head which appears on your official button. It is the symbol of courage. Who ever heard of an Indian chief who was not courageous? Another rule of the Go-Hawk tribe appears on the page every Sunday. Today it appears under the heading, "Another Way to Be a Good Go-Hawk." So now, Go-Hawks, I am sure you all understand the rules of the large tribe of Go-Hawks that extends from the Pacific to the Atlantic oceans, from Canada to Mexico. A good Go-Hawk is a good Go-Hawk the world over, whether he lives next door to you or miles across the country. Your letters are all welcome, especially those telling about what you are doing to make the old world happier. Next Sunday I will tell my readers what Abigail Shephard is doing and I will also tell about Frederick Godsdland. Until then, goodbye.

A Good Lesson, or How a Boy Learned to Mind His Parents.

There lived in a town in Iowa a boy named Charles. He never minded his mother or father, or anyone he should have. One day he went sliding against his mother's will. He was having a good time on the hill sliding. He had a new sled and thought there was not another as good as the one he had. He was the last one up the hill, as he had lingered on the way. He was going down the hill on his sled when the rest of the crowd of boys and girls were coming up. He cried "Track!" and the crowd parted. But as fate would have it, a big boy was pulling a little one on his sled. He was the last one up the hill, as he had lingered on the way. He was going down the hill on his sled when the rest of the crowd of boys and girls were coming up. He cried "Track!" and the crowd parted. But as fate would have it, a big boy was pulling a little one on his sled. He was the last one up the hill, as he had lingered on the way.

Where Is the White Man's Grave?

This is a name which was very rightly given in the old days to part of the coast of West Africa where white men first went there for the riches of the district, and found that who they stayed for only a short time nearly all died or came to death's door. The great cause of this was the fever called malaria. In the course of long ages the chemistry of the bodies of the natives of a malarial district, such as the White Man's Grave, has become changed, so that they can resist the poison of malaria. The poison enters practically every one of them when they are tiny children, but it does them comparatively little harm. The white man, however, is a very easy prey, and is struck down almost at once.—Book of Wonders.

The Trail of the Go-Hawks

SYNOPSIS.
The Go-Hawks, a jolly crowd of boys who play Indian, invite the twins, Prudence and Patience, to join the tribe. The first meeting causes trouble for the girls. But they are not to be deterred. They tell their dolls to a party and at a special meeting of the Go-Hawks he declares that Indian squaws have no business playing with dolls. The twins are then summoned to appear before the Go-Hawks, bringing their dolls. They are told they must sacrifice their dolls, and they burn them. The chief answers: "Now go on with the story."
(Continued from Last Week.)

Coupon for
HAPPY TRIBE
Every boy and girl reader of this paper who wishes to join the Go-Hawks' Happy Tribe, of which James Whitcomb Riley was the first Big Chief, can secure his official button by sending a 2-cent stamp with your name, age and address with this coupon. Address: your letter to "Happy," care this paper.
Name
Address



By EMILIE BLACKMORE STAPP and ELEANOR CAMERON.

Give, the Christmas Spirit—Brunette girl of 11 or 12 or even much older. Long, flowing, white garment, caught in at the waist with scarlet cord. Caps of warm, bright red woolen, as flannel, felt, etc. Wreath of poinsettias on her flowing hair. Carries in one hand a tall, slender wand, tipped with a star. In the other hand a round mirror.

THE HOLLY WREATH.
The one who lives in Happy Forest...
The messenger of Santa Claus...
The messenger of the Love Lights...
The messenger of the Love Lights...
The messenger of the Love Lights...

A Faithful Friend

Minneapolis, Minn., Nov. 16.—Dear Happy: I am ending my coupon and a 2-cent stamp. I want the badge as soon as you can send it. I have a sister, 7 years old, who is going to join soon. I am 11 and I am in the sixth grade. I go to the Frances Willard school.

Peanut Wafers.
One cup of sugar, one-half cup of milk, one-half teaspoonful of soda, one-half cup of butter or Crisco, two cups of flour, one cup of chopped peanuts. Cream the butter and sugar together, put the soda in the milk, stir thoroughly, then add to your butter and sugar. Last of all, add your flour. Beat as hard as you can. Grease a shallow pan and spread the mixture over the pan as evenly as possible. Bake in the oven until a light brown and cut in squares while warm.

Tilly Titter Goes to the Hospital.
It was a very cold night. The wind howled through the rosethush under which the shoe house stood. Inside the old shoe the Teenie Weeniees were gathered about the tiny fireplace where a great lead pencil log burned brightly. "J-i-j-i-jinks!" exclaimed the Dunce, who lay on his Teenie Weenie tummie before the fire. "You can just bet your last hickory nut I'm glad

The Teenie Weeniees
BY WILLIAM DONAHY

"Oh, Doctor!" cried the bird. "I'm sick."
"What's the trouble?" asked the Doctor.
"Eyes hurt, wings ache, and my 'ead's so 'ot it's fairly burnin' hup," answered the sparrow.
"You've got to have care or you are going to be a mighty sick bird," said the Doctor, after he had examined the sparrow. "Come right over to the hospital where it's good served the little folks as a hospital. After the hole had been cut it took much pulling and pushing to crowd the sparrow into the place, and when she was safely inside the little men quickly closed up the big hole."
"Now," said the Doctor, as he came into the room with the top of a salve box full of hot water. "Sit down and I'll give you a hot foot bath."



"I guess not!" cried the bird. "Do you think I am going to sit down and ruin my tail feathers?"
"Of course not," laughed the Doctor. "It would be rather hard for you to sit down, so just step into the water and you can soak your feet standing up."
After the hot bath the bird was given some hot broth which the Cook brought in, and presently she fell into a deep sleep.
The poor bird slept for a long time in the warm hospital, and when she awoke she felt much better.
After several days of careful treatment Tilly was quite herself again, but it was a hard task to get her out of the hospital, for she had gained several pounds, and it was all the little men could do to pull her through the hole.

Hurray for the sports of winter! Down the field and over the plain We glide with sleighs. Oh! what a merry time!

It soon will be Christmas— And oh, all the toys and the things he might bring. To bring joy and happiness To cheer every heart.

Christ was born on Christmas, And in a manger low. That was the cause of Our Christmas day.—Leona Keller, age 11, Octavia, Neb.

Why a Coat Has Black Buttons.

A man's frock or morning coat always has two buttons at the back just where the tail of the coat begins. These are simply for ornament now, and serve no useful purpose, but they are a survival from the time when back-buttons were necessary. The frocks of coats were at one time wore very long, and in order that the wearer might not be hampered in his movements when walking quickly, buttons were put on the back of the coat and buttonholes in the corners of the skirts, so that the skirts might be buttoned up.—Book of Knowledge.

A New Member.
Dear Happy:—I would like to get a Go-Hawk pin or button. I promise to be kind to all dumb animals and also all poor people. I will answer the questions that you have asked me. My name is Thelma Jefferson. I am 12 years of age. My address is Washington, Neb. Yours truly, Thelma Jefferson, Washington, Neb.

WEATHER FORECAST

Winter will shine all week in Happyland.
A New Member.
Dear Happy:—I would like to join your happy tribe. I am sending a 2-cent stamp for the letters to be delivered. Or the letters may be sent by mail. Write this little friend all the school news, and especially the funny happenings. Laughter is a good tonic, you know. And say you miss him from school and hope he will soon see that if you were in the school you would be glad to hear from your school-mates, wouldn't you? So, remember, a good Go-Hawk is thoughtful of a friend who is ill.

Another Way to Be a Good Go-Hawk

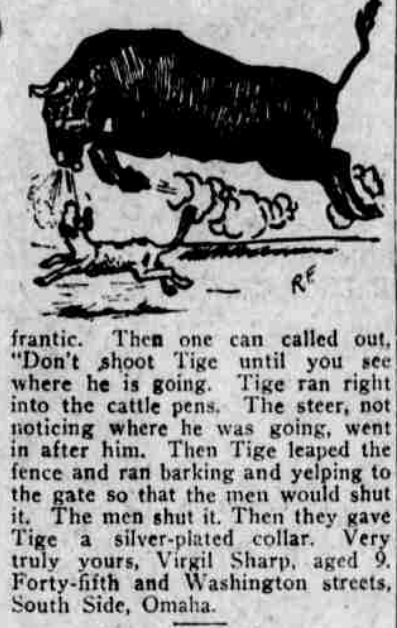
A good Go-Hawk is always thoughtful of a little friend who is ill. If this little friend is absent from school, why not ask other members of the class to write to him and you can play postman and see that the letters are delivered. Or the letters may be sent by mail. Write this little friend all the school news, and especially the funny happenings. Laughter is a good tonic, you know. And say you miss him from school and hope he will soon see that if you were in the school you would be glad to hear from your school-mates, wouldn't you? So, remember, a good Go-Hawk is thoughtful of a friend who is ill.

NUTS TO CRACK

What did Adam first set in the Garden of Eden?
Answer—His foot.
When is a window like a star?
Answer—When it is a skylight.
Why is a leaf on a tree like a human body?
Answer—Because it has veins in it.
What is that which makes every one sick except those who swallow it?
Answer—Flattery.



MOTTO
"To Make the World a Happier Place."
PLEDGE
"I promise to help some one every day. I will try to protect the birds and all dumb animals."
SYMBOL
Indian Head for Courage.



Letter from Iowa.
Dear Happy: I am very much interested in the Go-Hawks and I am sending a 2-cent stamp and this letter. Please send me the pin as soon as possible. This is my first letter I have ever written on my typewriter. I am in the sixth grade and my teachers' names are Miss Zern, Miss Welch and Miss Eaton. They are very nice. I would like very much to have some of the Go-Hawks write to me and I will write to them. I will have to close, Helen Nelson, Denison, Ia.

Reads Happyland.
Dear Happy: This is my first letter I am writing. I am sending my 2-cent stamp and also the coupon, so please send me the button. I am 11 years of age, and I surely will be glad to be in the Happy Tribe. I read the Happyland news every week and I enjoy it very much. I hope to be your new friend.—Dorothy E. Anderson, aged 11, Red Oak, Ia.

A Reader.
Dear Happy: I am sending a 2-cent stamp, my name, age and address, also the coupon. I would love to join the tribe. Please send me the button as soon as possible. I am 11 years of age, and I am in the sixth grade. I love to go to school. My teacher's name is Miss Helen Berry. I will remain as ever.—Roma Gottsch, aged 11, Washington, Neb.

Wishes To Join.
Dear Happy:—I am 13 years old and in the seventh grade at school. My teachers' names are Mr. Davis and Mable Nelson. I go to Alder Grove school. I am enclosing the 2-cent stamp and coupon and letter, and I wish to have my button. I will write to me and I will gladly answer. Good-bye, Jennie Case, age 13, Craig, Neb. R. F. D. No. 4.

Likes School.
Dear Happy: May I become a member of the Happy Tribe? I promise to obey all rules.
I go to the Spalding academy to school. I like it very well.
I am 12 years old and am in the eighth grade.
Please send me the official button and rules.
Wishing success to the tribe I will close.—Your friend, Kathryn King, Albion, Neb., Box 392.

First Letter.
Dear Happy: I am 9 years old and my little sister, Alice Barbara, is 4. We would like to join the Happy Tribe and be Go-Hawks. Please send us the official button and rules. I am in the third grade. My teacher's name is Miss Babbit. I wish some of the Go-Hawk boys would write to me.—Chester Wiles, Plattsmouth, Neb.

Has Two Brothers.
Dear Happy: We take The Bee and I like it very much.
I am in the fourth grade at school and I am 9 years old.
I am sending a 2-cent stamp to join the Go-Hawks.
I have two brothers, one 17 months old and the other 4 years old. I am the only girl in the family. Christine Mikkelson, age 9, Edgar, Neb.

Likes the Button.
Dear Happy: I received my button and will write my first letter to you. I go to school every day and I am in the second grade. Good-bye, Yours truly, Herbert Owca, age 7, Memphis, Neb.

First Letter.
Dear Happy: This is my first letter to you. I want to join the Happy Tribe. Please send me my badge and rules. Yours truly, Grace Holmes, Manilla, Ia., R. F. D. No. 1.

Dot Puzzle

The — then cried, Too Whit, Too who! Fun, trace the lines to seventy-two. Complete the picture by drawing a line through the dots, beginning with one and taking them numerically.

ADRIEN.
(Shaking her head sadly at Annabelle.)
I don't see any holly, Annabelle. And I have looked this whole place over well. Perhaps there's something else that we can get. (Straightening back.) We won't give up yet!

(To Be Continued.)